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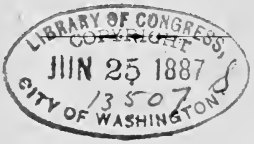
SCRAPS.

Reade

SCRAPS.

By D. E. PEASE.

Dedicated to my sister Ella, who, in chidhood days, was my playmate and constant companion, and who, since those happy times, has been a constant participant of all my joys and sorrows as well as a true friend and devoted sister.



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It may seem upon first thought that honesty's only reward is hope; but rather, it is manhood's prime factor, which gives to him exercising it, a consciousness of having done right.

PREFACE.

IN launching this little volume upon the waters of a reading world, I have but little to say.

When writing the several pieces herein contained, I had no thought of ever submitting them to the public eye; but, by the request of several of my friends, and especially that of my sister, and as I am myself a printer, thus finding no difficulty in obtaining a publisher for my "Scraps," I venture to place them before the public.

Some of them are selections from my school-boy essays, first written on a slate, in the "old red school-house on the hill," and others since those golden days, and all within youth's early spring time.

Poets are said to be born, not made. This is true in a great measure. But all men have implanted in their being an ability for special good uses; some being adapted to one use and some to another. Men, like the oak and the pine, have within them the material for the building of master vessels; but they will still be oaks and pines, and never the keels and masts of mighty vessels, if the builder never cuts, and never moulds, and never arranges them in their proper place. I believe every man has the ability and power to fill an important place in the world's mechanism. Like the oak and the pine, in their proper places, one is as important and as useful as the other. Although the old adage may be true, this is also true that, men and poets are made as well as born.

While I claim for my "offsprings" no superiority nor hardly mediocrity, and consequently no pre-eminence for myself as a writer, I venture to send them forth with a sincere desire that they may be received, not only with pleasure by my friends, but with profit to all who may chance to read them.

D. E. PEASE.

BOSTON, MASS., June 23, 1886.

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Mother.

—:o:—

Fatigued and somewhat lonely,
I laid me down to rest
Upon my couch at noon time,
With thoughts of home impressed.

My mind had wandered eastward,
Swiftly as thoughts can run;
My eyelids, like the Sphinx's,
Were towards the rising sun.

I thought of my dear mother,
Whose love is strong and deep,
And weary fancy traversed
The border-land of sleep.

I know I slept not wholly,
Nor was I yet awake;
But mother's arms were round me,
It seemed 'twas no mistake.

Turning upon my pillow,
I saw her pure face beam;
On mine her dear lips quivered;
She kissed me in my dream.

A tender tumult stirred me
To rise for mother's sake;
But waking proved my vision
Was all a sad mistake.

My heart was all atremble
With home-sick thoughts oppressed,
Oh! how I longed to clasp her—
My mother—to my breast.

I thought if all should leave me
Save him who reigns above,
I ne'er should be forsaken
By mother's tender love.

'Twas as I lay aweary:
How vivid it does seem!
My mother bent above me,
And kissed me in my dream.

Side by Side.

—:o:—

Side by side, there stood my sisters,
On the platform of the station,
As the western train 'gan moving,
Every precious minute proving,
Weary miles of separation,
Days and months of long duration
Would lie 'twixt me and my dear sisters.

Motionless they stood like marble,
Seeming not to give attention
To the train so fast receeding,
As each moment faster speeding
Filled their thoughts with apprehension,
Feeling sad beyond retention,
Stood my sisters still as marble.

On the rear car from the platform,
While not yet far in the distance,
Waved I then my hand in token
That our love would be unbroken,
That we might have true existance,
As they faded in the distance,
Prayed I, standing on the platform.

So intently were they thinking,
That they heeded not, nor saw me,
Never saw my hand up-waving,
While an answer I was craving:
Yet I knew their fondness for me
Surely had the power to draw me
Towards them standiug there a thinking.

In my memory, my sisters,
Side by side upon the landing,
Filled with thoughts of deep emotion,
Affection strong with deep devotion,
In the depot still are standing,
Each her own fears understanding,
Side by side still stand my sisters.

Still I'm thinking of my sisters,
Thinking, should I here not meet them.
Nothing would be there whatever,
Naught that could our lives dissever,
Thinking that if God would keep them.
On the other shore I'd greet them,
Standing side by side my sisters.

Nature Speaks.

—:o:—

I sat one night in dreamy flight,
Down by the frigid sea;
I heard the wail of the wintery gale,
In sad solemnity.

Me-thought I heard a mystic word
Come from the mighty main;
And upward rise to meet the skies,
And echo back again.

And so might not this word, I thought,
Be heard in heathen lands,
And far beyond the early morn,
E'en to dark Afric's strands.

Indeed, thought I, God is close by
In earth, in air, in sea;
And through all these He speaks with ease
To all humanity.

Tribute to Garfield.

——:o:——

Can it be that he has fallen,
He who was the people's pride,
Who had reached the highest station
That a nation could provide?

Can it be that he has fallen,
No more here to rule the land,
Taken in his noble manhood,
Stricken by a muderous hand?

Can it be that President Garfield,
Whom all nations of the globe
Loved and honored for his greatness,
Now lies wrapped in funeral robe?

Can it be that President Garfield,
He who was so strong and brave,
Will, before the shades of evening,
Sleep his first night in the grave?

Fair Columbia is weeping,
She again is called to mourn,
For another martyred president
To his grave to-day is borne.

Step thou softly in the presence
Of the nation's hero dead,
Lest you might disturb his slumbers,
Lying in his narrow bed.

Over every state and nation
Rests a cloud of darksome pall:
But the God who reigneth ever,
Reigneth over clouds and all.

But the clouds so quickly gathered,
Soon will pass from sight away,
And the sunshine then will follow,
Changing darkness into day.

Above the Clouds.

—:o:—

It was raining in the valley,
Clouds and fog were all about;
I was traveling up the mountain,
But I took my course with doubt.

Traveling up the mountain slowly,
Trying hard to keep my way,
But the mists were dense about me,
Seeming night instead of day.

Higher still I climbed the mountain,
Carefully, lest I slip and fall;
Would I ever see the summit?
Would I reach the top at all?

Yes, the mists began to scatter;
I could just begin to see
Outlines of my goal, the summit,
Not far distant could it be.

I could see the welcome sunlight
Throwing rays among the mist;
I could see the wished for summit
Just a little way from this.

Soon I stood upon the summit,
Free from clouds, and mists, and rain,
And the sight that met my vision
I may never see again.

I was high above the storm-clouds,
In the raylets of the sun;
Down below me in the valley,
Still the storm was raging on.

And it seemed that I could almost
Walk out on the clouds below,
For they looked so hard and firm-like,
Like a field of trodden snow.

Here and there the clouds were parted,
  Letting rays of sunlight through,
Lighting up the scattered houses,
  And the town that lay below.

Then I thought, how much the grander
  To be above the clouds and storms,
Than to be beneath the shadows
  Of the dense and misty forms.

Then I thought, if I could ever
  Keep within God's sunlit rays,
Far above the mists and storm-clouds,
  Where the nights are bright as days,

I would ne'er descend the mountain,
  Go into the mists again;
But I'd keep upon the summit,
  High above the clouds and rain.

Life.

——:o:——

What 'tis to be, and being, what 'tis to have
The entity of such a thing as self,
A floating mote upon the sea of life,
Tossed back and forth through all the varied scenes
Of Time's unceasing and relentless sway,
Seems little understood by him who stays,
And merely stays to fill the space of time
Which the Almighty One has granted him.
To be a helpless babe of worthless dust,
On which is breathed God's animating breath
To give it power to act and do its will,
To weep, and weeping, weep itself to sleep,
Again to wake, and then again to weep.
  Can this be life?

A laughing boy, regardless of the cares
And raging storms of still more solemn years,
So soon to sail upon the tide of fate
Where Poverty and Disgrace are wont to be,
And dire Disappointment and Remorse
Contract the weary soul almost to naught,
Which make men tremble and grow pale with fear,
Wishing sometimes the breath of life might cease,
So weak has grown their strength in battling Fate
That they in hopeless faith do feel ingrate.
Can this be life?

The beardless youth just starting forth in life,
Or maiden fair with brightest hopes ahead,
A fame or fortune in the world to seek
By competition with more artful men
Than they themselves who've never tried their skill,
Or matched their strength against the strength of men,
And then, perhaps, to feel Love's sharpened darts
To pierce the flesh, the mortal part of man,
And craze the mind, which feels the mortal blow,
Until at last the youth and maiden wed,
And take upon themselves life's greatest task,
Which is to mould the lives of those who are
In future years to be their guiding star.
Can this be life?

The man of middle age who now can look
With equal glance ahead and on the past,
Whose summer's past, and now the falling leaves
Of his unfruitful, or his fruitful years,
Presage the coming storms and wintery blasts.
And now afloat within the very midst
Of life's forever restless ebb and flow,
With cares enough to sink the stoutest ship,
Unless it buffets them with all its might;
And then, perhaps, for lack of skill and pluck,
Some sink beneath the wave to rise no more.
He now has wealth, if ever wealth is gained;
He's loved and honored, if he's loved at all;
He's learned to battle, or he's learned to fall.
Can this be life?

A helpless man, no more to do with life's
Eventful seas, except to board the boat
That Charon rows, and leave the shore
To go to that unknown where all must go,
When this immortal body leaves the mortal part.
To moulder and decay and turn to dust,
Again the same as when it issued forth.
A hero now if ever one at all;
Life's battle fought if ever fought at all:
All trials gone, his foes beneath his feet
Except the last which is the monster Death.
Unlike the babe he's lived what's called a life;
But like the babe who's little more than dust,
In every thing but age he is a child.
A helpless man or babe of worthless dust,
With just a breath from God to give it life:
And now since he has lived a helpless babe,
A man, and then a helpless babe again,
And known what 'tis to live in each degree,
He little understands what 'tis to be.
And this is life.

I love but few, I love them well,
And when I hate, I hate for aye,
What quiet passions in me dwell,
The wisest sages cannot say.

The bird that sings to-day its song,
The great tall oak that seems so strong,
The tender plant with fragrance sweet,
The welcomed tread of accustomed feet,
The stormy winds and zephyrs mild,
The gray haired man, the prattling child,
The summer's sun, the bright to-day,
Are quickly, swiftly passing away.

Well Enough.

—:o:—

'Tis well enough to go to school,
'Tis well enough to mind this rule,
That if we would true knowledge gain,
The links must come before the chain.

'Tis well enough to read and spell,
On problems difficult to dwell;
The rules of grammar, too, are good,
If they are learned and understood.

'Tis well enough with care to write,
'Tis well enough to keep in sight
The hurrying pace of clock and sun,
That we may find each task well done.

'Tis well enough to knit and sew,
'Tis well enough to reap and mow,
That we may earn our livelihood
Just as the Father ment we should.

'Tis well enough to boil and bake,
The secrets learn of pie and cake,
An honest living to pursue.
In doing what we have to do.

'Tis well to brighten up each room
By constant use of brush and broom;
For when a house is clean and neat,
'Tis well enough for queenly feet.

'Tis well enough to work at trades,
'Tis well enough that there are grades
Of men of every class and clan
To give a place for every man.

'Tis well enough to live and learn,
'Tis well enough to die in turn;
'Tis well enough in peace to dwell
When we have said our last farewell.

Night.

——:o:——

When Twilight with her silvery hair,
  Her curtain draws in dim array,
Bedecked with stars of twinkling light,
  A token of departing day,
Fair Nature from her busy cares
  Seems fain to haste in dreamy flight,
And spreads her mantle far and wide
  To usher in the stately Night.

The plowman then with tired limbs,
  The damp of sweat upon his brow,
Comes from the field with sluggish tread,
  Too dark for him to hold the plow;
Exhausted quite by needful toil,
  He yields himself to slumber deep
To dream of things he does not know,
  But only sees them in his sleep.

The man of active mind as well,
  The shades of evening welcome dear,
For 'tis to him a cordial drink
  That makes his weary mind more clear:
All wearied by fatigueing toil,
  He sleeps the half of life away,
The Fates to watch him while he sleeps
  With Night the mother of the day.

The watchman then with lonely step,
  About the city takes his beat
To see if all, in trust, are well,
  The plans of midnight thieves defeat;
The traveler, too, all sore and lame,
  Comes jogging to some wayside inn
To wait the coming of the morn
  That brings again a world of din.

The noisy world so full of life
  Is sure to feel the magic hand,

That brings the quietude of night
  When Darkness breaks her iron band;
'Tis then all life seem hushed and still,
  Save now and then a bird of night
Which sings its song in happy tune
  When man is in his dream-land flight.

The waters, too, seem prone to feel
  The power of Night's unchanging will,
Which makes, in truth, with music sweet
  The soul of Nature's love to thrill:
The brooks in melody so sweet
  Go babbling on in measured rhyme
To join the music of the spheres
  Which make a universal chime.

Perturbing Care with pallid brow
  Does then her hold on man release,
And humbly folds her hands to give
  Her place to sweet and quiet Peace;
All men alike, the sage and dolt,
  The high and low, unite in sleep,
Awhile to meet on equal ground
  When Night shall cast her shadows deep.

Alas! 'tis said there is a night,
  A long, long night of peaceful rest,
When all shall sleep till dawn of day,
  Laid low in Earth's untroubled breast;
There all shall rest in one broad couch,
  The gay and sad in robes of white,
An unknown time of silent sleep,
  Where reigns supreme eternal night.

Most people speak of a present as if it were a space of time between two limits, but there is no present. We are living either in the past by memory, or in the future by anticipation.

Were I Young Again.

—:o:—

I would that I were young again,
As innocent and free,
As when I left my childhood's home,
The busy world to see.

I would that I were back again
Upon the Sandy Float,
A fishing for the speckled trout,
Or sailing in my boat.

I would that I with brother Charles
Were in the forest old,
Where he and I with trap and gun
Sought out our game so bold.

I would I were in that old shop
Which stood across the way,
With Ella and my brother Charles,
Engaged in happy play.

Oh! were I at the old school-house,
As when I was a boy,
With all my classmates as of old,
Oh! would n't it give me joy.

Oh! were I at my mother's side,
My father sitting near,
With sisters and my brothers, too,
And all I love so dear.

Oh! could I but turn back the wheels
Of Time's swift rushing car,
I'd roll me back to childhood's days
From whence I've roamed so far.

Oh! let the sweetest memories cling
Around my childhood's home,
Since I cannot the wheels turn back,
I am content to roam.

My Ship.

—:o:—

Long time ago I launched my ship
To send across the sea;
The winds were fair, and neap the tide.
My friends stood on the quay.

So calm and gentle was the sea,
Serene the sky above,
My ship without a tremor moved
As gentle as a dove.

Three cheers we gave her as she sailed
Out towards the open sea;
I prayed she'd safely ride the storms,
And then return to me.

With anxious hearts we watched the ship
Until she seemed to be
A single speck, she was so far
Away into the sea

Forebodings filled my heart with fear;
This question came to me:
Oh! would my ship securely ride
Forever on the sea?

Oh! would the ocean e'er be calm;
Its waves unruffled be
As they are now, when first my ship
Set sail upon the sea?

Would Jove send forth his dire command
To set the tempests free?
Would Neptune ever rise and lash
To foam the raging sea?

Alas! for even as we watched
That disappearing speck,
The winds began to blow, and roll
The waves upon the deck.

The heavens now were dark with clouds,
The bright clouds disappeared;
The billows leaped upon the shore,
A wreck was what I feared.

Amidst the dimness, now and then,
We saw the tossing sail
Way out at sea upon the wave,
A battling in the gale.

The storm had ceased, the sun came out,
We looked out on the sea;
No ship was there to greet our eyes,
No ship there seemed to be.

No broken spars were thrown ashore,
No wreck there seemed to be;
Me-thought, "my ship is safe, unharmed,
She still sails on the sea."

I'd faith my ship had bravely rode
This raging storm at sea;
Me-thought, she'd surely cross the wave,
And then return to me.

My ship is still upon the sea,
Just where I cannot tell;
But this I firmly feel assured:
She'll ride the billows well.

I've seen her once securely ride
Upon an angry sea,
And as my Father's at the helm,
He'll guide my ship for me.

I'm waiting now for tidings from
My ship I sent away;
I've faith she'll come to me again
From off the ocean's spray.

Hope is the only anchor that gives to life its true existance, for without it all is chaos.

"Old Blue."

—:o:—

Grand eminence blue, high-raised above
Thy brother hills, whose summit, first
Of all New England's lofty mounds,
By sailors off the coast are seen!
For centuries, on thy crest of steel
The beating storms of time have raged,
And from great Jove's unerring hand,
With thundering crash, the swiftest bolts
Upon thy rugged side have fell,
And strown thy form with shattered trees.

For ages have the trees and moss
From tiny seeds sprung up, and grown
Where'er they could among the rocks.
And yet they died; and others still
Have grown, and like the rest have died.

The eyes of babes, of youth, of men,
That were accustomed once to view
Thy stately form thick-wrapped in snow,
In winter time, or when the frosts
Were gone, have looked upon thy robe
Of green, transformed to heavenly blue,
Or saw thy peak deep-capped with clouds
And fog foretelling storms — all these,
And others, too, long sightless now,
Are closed to sleep the sleep of death.

The thousand feet of beast and man,
Which, all adown the stream of time,
Have on thy lofty summit stood,
Stand there no more for they are dead.
But thou, proud sentinal, unharmed,
Unchanged, as strong, as firm, as high,
As blue, as great, as old, as grand,
As when thy noble form was made,
Remain, with peak up-pointed high,
To guide us to a better life.

Hear and Heed.

——:o:——

Listen, brother! listen, sister!
Hear you not a tender word,
Deep down in your manly bosom,
Calling you to serve your Lord?

Very broad and strong your shoulders.
Proud and noble is your form;
Like the ancient ship of Noah,
You can breast the wildest storm.

Round about the unsuspecting
Lay encamped the wily foe,
Waiting there to plunge their victims
Into depths of deepest woe.

Then my brave and fearless brothers.
And my sisters kind and true,
Heed the heavenly admonition;
Do the work God has for you.

Falter not in honest battle.
For the One who rules the storm.
And takes note of little sparrows,
Will not let you suffer harm.

A Shell.

——:o:——

High up the mountain cased in rocky cell,
I found a shell,

A Spirifer of old Jurasic time,
Composed of lime.

I broke his bonds and thought, was ever he
Before as free?

"How came you here?" at length I asked the shell,
"'Tis hard to tell."

"But all the facts I'll try to give to you,
For they are true."

"My native home before, when I was free,
Was in the sea."

"I've been imprisoned here five million years
It now appears."

"Long years ago there was a mighty sea,
When I was free."

"No being like yourself, of stature grand,
Lived in the land."

"But there was One who ruled o'er everything,
A mighty King."

"One day I nearer went than e'er before
Upon the shore."

"The waters sank away, my native sea
Forsaking me."

"Then on my burning sides great heat did pour,
Ne'er felt before."

"I tried with all my might to turn around,
But I was bound."

"And so was doomed, I know not why, to dwell
In prison cell."

"I'm bound no more, but yet I am not free,
I'm lone you see."

"My race have long ago the portals passed,
I am the last."

"I could not live again down in the sea,
'Tis not for me."

"I'll finish now my days in this strange clime,
In my good time,"

I bade him speed; but sure it was, me-thought,
A lesson taught.

For like the shell mankind the wide world round
In cells are bound.

A fleeting cloud, a passing thought,
A weary soul a moment fraught,
A morning breeze, a noonday sun,
A twilight's glow, and the journey's done.

We write our names in albums,
We trace them in the sand,
We carve them on the mountain rocks
As high up as we can.

But are they in God's Album,
Traced by the Savior's hand?
If not, then have them there
As quickly as you can.

We often hear people say, "I would do differently, if I could have the same chance again." But the truth is they would not, for they would be under the same circumstances; consequently they would do the same thing. Men do not make circumstances; but on the other hand, circumstances governs the acts of men.

On Leaving College.

—:o:—

Alas! too soon, fast flying Time
Comes knocking at my door,
To bid me go from this dear place,
Where I shall dwell no more.

My dear old room at fifty-nine,
Four years you've sheltered me,
And from your walls have echoed forth
Our College songs so free.

Each separate voice, and laughter too.
And lingering thoughts of joy,
Are sacred gems in memory stored
That time can ne'er destroy.

Each sacred spot more sacred's been
With each succeeding year,
And kindly faces of dear friends,
More kindly seem and dear.

'Tis hard to break the knotted threads,
Fast woven round my heart;
But Time supreme in his commands
Says, "Break the threads apart."

"Into the mystic future go,
Carve out your name in gold;
But ne'er forget the former days,
And friends you knew of old."

"The mystic future," ah! those words
Are full of awe and dread;
Who knows who of our little band
Will first lie with the dead.

What transformations will be wrought
By sordid Care and Strife,
What victories won, or battles lost,
In such a mystic life.

But why should I attempt to look
  Beyond so dark a veil?
I ne'er shall know the sea of life
  Till on the sea I sail.

We ne'er shall meet all here again
  Our lessons to recite;
A long vacation we shall have
  Before we shall unite.

Adieu! then, friends and classmates dear,
  The chapel and the bell,
The hall, the campus and my room,
  I bid you all farewell.

Meet Me.

——:o:——

Meet me when the sun goes down,
  When it sinks behind the hill,
Just when Darkness dons her gown,
  Just as day grows calm and still.

Meet me where the brooklets flow,
  Moving slowly to the seas,
When the flickering sunbeams throw
  Rays of light among the trees.

Meet me 'neath the verdant pine,
  When the sky is clear above,
Where you put your hand in mine,
  And I told you of my love.

Meet me when the vesper bells
  Calls us from our worldly care,
When our hearts with rapture swells
  To pour forth our love in prayer.

Meet me when my eyes grow dim,
When the eve of life draws near,
Just when Death with visage grim
Takes his place beside me here.

Meet me in that happy land,
When the toils of life are o'er,
Where the blest of God shall stand
By His side for evermore.

Forget.

—:o:—

Forget the past! forget the past!
Why such a question strange and vast,
Since with life's mystic warp is wed,
By iron hands, an iron thread?

When beasts shall take man's honored place,
And birds become a groveling race,
When spots on Afric's pards are changed,
And civic races are estranged,

When trees their rootlets upward throw,
Their branches pierce the mould below,
When loftiest boreal glaciers melt,
And waves congeal in Torrid belt,

When turbid streams refuse to flow
From wooded heights to vales below,
And mountains old up-lifted high
Prone with the level ocean lie,

When hurrying seasons cease their round,
The wicked with the saints be found,
The mind of man, the soul of God,
Resolve to dust, become a clod,

When children love no more to play,
And birds to sing their tuneful lay,
When love dies out and hate is cold,
And men shall never more grow old,

When moons and planets shall decay,
The sun be quenched, seas dry away,
Thus changing all to blackest night,—
Forget the past? perhaps I might.

Floating.

—:o:—

I am on the troubled waters
Floating ever in the breeze,
Towards a harbor just before me,
Where I'll rest from stormy seas.

I am floating, ever floating,
On the silvery sea of life,
And my shallop bears right onward
Through the shoals of change and strife.

I've not strength of mind or muscle,
Here, to stay my bounding barque;
Other powers than mine still urge me
Through life's mystic waters dark.

All before, and all around me,
Lie the blue and restless seas,
On whose bosom I am floating,
Floating onward in the breeze.

Where's the limit of my ocean?
Where's the end of floating here?
Compassed thus by flowing billows,
I've not strength my craft to steer.

Since I'm launched upon the waters,
This is all that I can do:
Let the Hand that rules the ocean
Guide and bear me safely through.

So, I'll reach, my Pilot willing,
Some great harbor made for me,
When I'm through with floating, floating
On the ever greater sea.

When We Played.

—:o:—

'Twas down by the river long ago,
With the stones and the sand for our toys,
That we played, my dear brother and I,
When 'twas right to be bare-footed boys.

We would hunt for the pretty white stones,
For the red, and the green, and the blue,
For the flat, and the long, and the round,
Till the day became damp with the dew.

We would make the sparks fly with the white,
As we struck them together in great pride;
We would skip on the water the flat,
And then watch till they reached the other side.

We would throw scaleing stones in the air,
Just to hear them come back with a "chuck,"
And with joy we would watch the rolling waves
That arose from the place where they struck.

We would wade in the water all about,
With our pants rolled up high to our knees,
Just a playing, as boys often play,
We were sailors a sailing the seas.

Oh! 'tis sweet to recall those bright days,
When my brother and I on the strand,
By the side of that clear crystal stream,
Played and burrowed like worms in the sand.

Okeanos.

—:o:—

Grand old ocean, gray with motion,
Tell me won't you what you say,
When you tumble, roll and rumble
Through the years of endless day?

Now the firmer grows the murmur
Of thy restless, ceaseless waves;
Now they thicken, billows quicken
Till they charge the shore like braves.

Now they plunder, drawing under
Every object they can keep,
There to slumber, a countless number,
In the bosom of the deep.

Now in calmness, seeming harmless,
Grow the waters of the sea;
But they never whatsoever,
Make their language known to me.

Yet with power through each hour,
Keep they marked the bounds of man,
Where no mansion firm with stanchion
Can be built by mortal plan.

The creations of all nations
Would not fill the endless sea;
Nor the powers of a state like ours
Set the surging billows free.

Sacred Ocean! in devotion
We will reverence thy domains;
For thy powers are more than ours,
And the Godly Neptune reigns.

Last forever! desist never!
In derision roll thou on!
Tell thy story when all are hoary,
When the last from earth have gone.

Fame.

—:o:—

What is fame, and what is glory?
What is it a name to find
That shall live in future story,
In the labyrinth of time?

Is it reputation only
That shall urge the spirit on
To perform deeds great and noble
That shall live when we are gone.

Are the numbers few or many
Who have reached the temple Fame?
Will they always live in glory
Who have here a transient name?

Will the name cut deep in marble
Vanish from the sight of man,
In the long eternal ages,
In the world's progressive van?

Is it worth the while to struggle
To ascend Fame's ladder high?
To exert our sluggish natures
For a prize we cannot buy?

Is fame permanent or fleeting?
Will it last till set of sun?
Will it live through endless ages
Till all Nature's work is done?

Ah! real glory, fame immortal,
Is not gained for its own sake;
'Tis obtained by helping others
For a nobler stand to take.

Those who have diviner natures,
And the attributes of God,
Tney may truly be called famous
If they've passed the chastening rod.

Many are the rich and wise men,
But the famous they are few
Who have reached true fame immortal
Or a birth from God anew.

True, the names engraved on marble,
Like the breeze of early day,
Will remain there for a moment,
Then will quickly pass away.

But the name of greatest moment,
Written in the "Book of Life,"
Never will grow dim or tarnished,
For 'twill live through fame most rife.

Ah! 'tis truly worth the striving
To possess a worthy name,
For to have eternal being,
That is glory; that is fame.

Our names inscribed in albums for friends to look upon
Will last but for a moment and then they will be gone;
'Tis better far to have them engraved within God's book,
Upon whose spotless pages our friends may ever look.

Parting Ode.

—— :o: ——

Four years have passed since first our class
Walked up the College stairs,
While soft tones fell from th' College bell,
Calling to morning prayers.
Alas! not all to the roll call
Respond who then said, "here."
Some turned aside, and one has died,
Though still to memory dear.

CHORUS.

Classmates dear, to-day we part,
So, farewell! farewell! farewell!
Classmates dear, to-day we part,
So, farewell! farewell! farewell!

No more we meet, no more we greet
In yonder classic hall;
For now dear friends, our school life ends,
And sterner duties call.
We sing to-day our parting lay,
The last that we shall sing;
Sad tears may start that we must part,
Yet memory 'll fonder cling.

CHORUS—Classmates, etc.

In life's wide field, with ardent zeal,
May *Gnomen echon* be
A motto true to "eighty-two,"
To our success, a key.
May God's kind care when all is fair;
When threatening skies are brass,
Protect us each till Heaven we reach,
A reunited class.

CHORUS—Classmates, etc.

Spring.

——:o:——

The cold and wintry days have passed,
The Spring has come with joy at last;
And everything is full of fun
To think that Spring has realy come.

The hills and meads are clothed in green,
The mountain tops can now be seen;
The sparkling rivers are rushing on
To reach the ocean far beyond.

The trees are putting forth their leaves,
The flowers, too, their buds upheave,
And far away as one can see
No grander sight can ever be.

The birds are frolicking in mirth,
And hop about upon the earth;
And as you make your way along
You 'll hear them sing in merry song.

The squirrel, too, is full of glee,
He gaily skips from tree to tree,
And seems to join the birds in song,
And jumps about the whole day long.

The fishes, also, in the brook
Skim about with a side-long look,
As if to say, if you are nigh,
"You can't catch me if you try."

The farmer sows and plants his grain,
And trys with all his might and main
To raise enough for winter's store,
And if he can a little more.

A happy time 'twould be with some
If winter days would never come;
But 'twill always be the same,
For Spring will go and come again.

My Kitten.

——:o:——

My kitten, she is spotted,
A pretty little thing;
She looks just like a rabbit,
All ready for a spring.

My kitten, she's a small thing,
The smallest you ever see;
No one shall have my kitten,
For she belongs to me.

My kitten plays with everything
She finds about the house,
And runs beneath the table
As if she saw a mouse.

My kitten gets awful tired
A playing with her tail,
And when she does get tired
She runs for the milk pail.

My kitten makes a funny noise,
I call it singing songs;
But she wont sing to you
If you strike her with the tongs.

My kitten climbs on backs of chairs
And falls and almost breaks her head,
And sometimes when I pick her up,
You'd think her almost dead.

My kitten will sometime grow up
To be a great big cat,
Big enough I should think
To catch an ugly rat.

My kitten's name is "Tiny"
Her uncle's name is "Ned,"
My kitten's getting tired now,
So I'll put her in her bed.

Where is Heaven.

——:o:——

Tell me, if you can, mother,
Where do the angels dwell,
And why they are so pure,
Come, mother, can't you tell?

I've heard folks tell of angels,
How they dressed in white;
It would make me wild, mother,
To see so grand a sight.

I've heard they live in Heaven;
But, mother, where is that place?
I never saw it did I,
Unless 'twas in your face?

I thought ,twas in the sky, mother,
But how could one get up there?
He cannot walk on nothing,
Right straight through the air.

Oh! I forgot, dear mother,
We'll have wings as angels do;
But where we shall get them, mother,
That's something I don't know.

And, mother, what do they mean
When they talk of the other side,
That all will be well with us
When we've sailed the golden tide?

What do they mean when they tell
Of a river wide and dark,
Is it a river we must cross,
In a fairy golden barque?

And, mother, if each one goes alone
As they say they do,
Who will row the boat,
And guide us safely through?

And when we reach the other side,
  And stand upon the shining sand,
Who will be the first to come
  And take us gently by the hand?

Shall we know as we are known
  All our friends who went before?
Will they know as they are known,
  When we've reached the other shore?

And when we all shall meet as friends,
  Shall we ever part again?
Shall we live in bliss forever,
  And sing aloud the heavenly strain?

And shall we live there with Jesus
  And never more know pain,
All through the eternal ages,
  Through God's eternal reign?

Reflections.

——:o:——

Come back, sweet youth, come back!
  Why tarry thou so long!
You told me when you went away
  You'd come again ere long;

But many years have now gone by,
  Iv'e looked for you in vain,
And Iv'e given up the thought
  Of ever seeing you again.

Vain hope! delusion then to think
  That you could tell the trouth
When you whispered in my ear,
  Saying you'd come foresooth.

If you'd remained here all these years,
I'd never thought those thoughts;
I'd never done those evil deeds;
I'd never made those blots.

What shall I do all dead in sin,
Call on youth who's fleeting fast away?
That'll not do at all I think,
Better call on God and pray.

If I do that will it suffice?
Can I be as pure as when in youth?
Can I be as innocent and free;
And will no stain show forth?

The Bible says, "Wash and be clean;
And thy stains will be lost in the flood.
Jesus will cleanse from all sin,
If you but wash in his blood."

But wont there be vacant places,
Years of blackness, a dark chaos?
And if I cannot live my life over,
How can I make up for the loss?

There will always be dark places
In the lives of the very best men,
For they often say they would change it,
Could they live their life over again.

A pebble thrown into the ocean
Shows effect in the waves it makes,
And each wave keeps rolling forever,
As its journey onward it takes.

A word breathed forth on the air
Sets in motion a series of rings,
Which continue to vibrate forever,
Like sounds on a myriad of wings.

Then you must watch and be careful
That no word goes forth on the air
Which would grate on the ear of the just,
Or grieve one innocent and fair.

The present's the time to look out for,
  The future we've naught to do with,
The future that now is will be present,
  The present, the past while we live,

Then fear no more for there's light;
  Watch, pluck out the evil when found,
Remember the promise that's given,
  Where it says, God giveth a crown.

Charity.

—:o:—

If a wanderer you should meet,
  And for help to you he cried,
Would you help him on his way,
  And consent to be his guide?

If the lame should slip and fall,
  And be unable to rise again,
Would you hurry to the rescue,
  And help him on his feet again?

If the poor with thirst and hunger
  Should apply to you for aid,
Would you turn your back against him
  When your "thousands" you have made?

If the stranger by the wayside,
  Should fall sick upon his way,
Would you help him to recover,
  And also to pursue his way?

If your neighbor is in trouble,
  And his empty purse might fill,
Would you help him on in gladness,
  Or would you push him down the hill?

If any of your companions
  Should to you an injury do,
Would you likewise do them
  As you'd have them do to you?

Ivy Ode.

—— :o: ——

Oh, Ivy! dear Ivy! we sing of thy worth,
For thou art the fairest of all the green earth.
To thee our hearts cling while they fondly unite.
A bond of sweet friendship that never can blight.
And as we assemble to plant the green vine,
May love for each other with freshness intwine.

CHORUS:

Oh, Ivy Vine! sweet Ivy Vine!
Let thy dear tendrils round us twine:
And may we find in love divine
A welcome for the Ivy Vine.

And may thou be truly a beacon of light,
To guard us in searching for truth and the right.
Be thou a glad token of victories won,
Memorial bright of our duties well done.
May failures be less in the oncoming strife,
Our victories greater in battles of life.

CHORUS: — Oh, Ivy vine! etc.

And as thy strong branches point up to the skies,
We'll nobly endeavor in honor to rise.
When far in the future we think of the past,
We'll think of the Ivy whose mem'ry shall last.
And when we shall change the old faces for new,
We'll never forget those of Bates Eighty-two.

Ha-ha, Ha-ha.

——:o:——

We've said good-by to sadness,
And now we sing in gladness;
For he is free and gay
Who drives dull cares away.

CHORUS:

Ha-ha, ha-ha, ha-ha, ha-ha,
We're jolly now and free;
Ha-ha, ha-ha, ha-ha, ha-ha,
Who would'nt students be!

We'll sing our songs together,
In every kind of weather,
While rambling on the street,
With hat and cane complete.

CHORUS:—Ha-ha, etc.

Engaged in happy singing,
We'll set the welkin ringing;
For nothing is more fair
Than music in the air.

Everything tends towards equality: the sea is graduately being filled from the mountains, and in progress of time the highest hill will find its way to the deepest ocean.

A Wish.

—:o:—

I wish I were a sailor,
The captain of a ship,
With a hundred men beneath me,
With courage true, and grit,
I would visit foreign countries,
And try the sailors' mode,
To see all the sights I could,
By sailing round the globe.

I wish I were an officer,
The leader of a throng,
I would find the difference
Between the right and wrong.
I would scatter the enemy
To the left and to the right,
And make them all surrender,
Or drive them from my sight.

I wish I were an engineer,
Upon a railroad train,
I'd stop at every station,
And then speed on again.
I'd peril the life of no one
By running off the tracks,
I would guide them safely through,
And meet with no mishaps.

I wish I were an aronout,
And owned a big baloon,
I'd visit every planet,
And light upon the moon.
I would run long races
With the lark and the eagle,
And when I reached the earth again,
I'd blow a silver bugle.

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